THE LITTLE WHITE CHURCH.

The woodpeckers tap at its weather-worn gables,
The pigeons flit in at its belfry above;
The swallows build nests in the roofs of its stables,
And round it the bees seek the blossoms they love.
The green-plumed old elms stand like sentries before it,
Behind it the willows droop drowsy and still,
And gently the breeze from the ocean sings o'er it—
The little white meeting-house under the hill.

The golden-barred sunbeams, new-minted and yellow,
Like falchions flash in at the window's queer panes,
To fill the old church with a radiance mellow,
And cut through the dust-drift fair star-powdered lanes.
They gild the high pews with a glittering splendor,
With halos of glory they dapple the wall,
And on the quaint pulpit their touch falls as tender
And soft as the peace that lies over it all.

How often I've gazed at those bright lances streaming,
And fancied them ladders to mansions of joy,
As, in the old pew by the aisle, I sat dreaming
The wonderful dreams of a light-hearted boy!
My eyes do but close, and again to their places
Come trooping the shadowy figures I know;
The forms, well-remembered, the dearly loved faces,
The faces and forms of the blest long ago.

I hear round about me the hymn-book's light rustle,
The lavendered gowns scent the fan-driven breeze,
And, through the faint murmur and soft Sabbath bustle,
The sermon drones on like the buzzing of bees.
Beside me the dear sweet-faced mother is sitting,
The white-haired old grandsire, serene and devout,
The brother with thoughts 'neath his curls idly flitting
To where the blithe bluebird is singing without.

Dear little home church! 'tis a beautiful story,
The picture you frame in the sunbeam's red gold;
For through it is shining the God-given glory,
The rest and the peace of those Sundays of old.
And though in grand temples that tower high above you,
Far, far from your portals they worship at will,
While memory lasts all your children shall love you,
O little white meeting-house under the hill!

—Joe Lincoln, in Youth's Companion.

A Real Daughter of the Revolution

By CAROLINE GEBHARDT.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

Jane hurried to her brother's apartment. It was not in the disorder that most men's rooms would be, for Edward was as neat as a girl. In truth, he was girlish in many things; in his delicate features and small hands and feet; in his lisping voice and mincing walk and graceful ways.

Much of a fop, also, was lieutenant Ellery, and he had brought over with him from England full half a dozen more uniforms than he needed. There had crossed with him from London a brother officer who was quite as foppish as he and had brought with him likewise a surplus of apparel. He had induced Edward to store his extra suits along with his own and, being a much larger man than Edward, it was from his wardrobe that Jane was pilfering.

The Ellery garret was divided into two rooms with a passage-way between into which the stairs ascended. The passage-way had a large window which looked out into the night. A sentry paced before the closed door of one of the rooms. Within were the two prisoners, each with his arms bound.

Gabriel presented Col. Bessemer's order with a flourish to the sentry. "An' here am some 'freshments what my missus sent you, sah," lifting carefully from his tray a plate of cake and a decanter of wine and setting them down on the window seat.

The sentry was thirsty; the cake looked delicious; the wine was more than tempting. He threw open the door for the negro to enter. "Leave the door open," he commanded.

"Yas, sah; suahly, sah," Gabriel answered, as he crossed the threshold with his tray and set it down upon a box inside.

"Why, hello, Gabe," Worthington called out; "is it you?"

"Dat's what it am, Massa Godfrey. Sarvas, massa; sarvas, massa Gineral. Heah am some 'freshments what missus sent you wid her accomplishments; but lawsy me, how is you ah goin' to eat wid you ah's hands tied? Mistah Redcoat, sah, they suah will have to have dey ah's hands untied. Dey kin't eat dis way."

The sentry had already taken two big swallows of the wine, and he could scarcely wait to pour himself another goblet before he took the third. Fascinating stuff; never had he tasted anything so enticing.

Gabriel went to the door and gazed at him with beseeching eyes. Mistah Sentry, sah, kin't I jes' loosen day ah'll han's a leetle so dey kin eat?"

Probably if the wine had not already gone to the sentry's head, he would not have consented, but as it was he nodded acquiescence while he took another swallow.

Gabriel, having deftly loosened the ropes which bound them, placed the tray on the chest which held the candle and politely invited the prisoners to partake. This done, he walked again to the door, the long white cloth which had been doubled over the tray in his hands.

He stood with his eyes fixed in apparently dreamy carelessness upon the soldier.

The opportune moment had arrived. The sentry stooped to pour himself more wine. Gliding softly behind him, the black skilfully threw the cloth over his head and face and drew the ends taut in the back. The soldier, taken by surprise, would have hurled himself upon his assailant, but the latter was too quick for him, and had him upon the floor before his brain, benumbed by the drugged liquor, could appreciate just what had happened.

Worthington took in the situation instantly and sprang to Gabriel's aid, while the general followed with the

GABRIEL DASHED TO THE WINDOW AND SEIZED IT.

rope which had bound them. Together they tied the captive's hands and feet, and cautiously removing the cloth from his head gagged him. Gabriel flung open the door of the other room.

"In here, massa, in here," he whispered. And in they put him.

"Why did you do this Gabe?" Worthington asked in a low tone, when this much had been accomplished. "It is useless. We can't possibly escape. There are sentries posted in the hall below and all around the house."

"Nevah you mine, massa. Missy Jane hab a way."

Godfrey thrilled at the name. Jane? Was it possble she had interested herself?

"Was it Miss Jane who sent us the food?" he asked. "I supposed it was Mrs. Ellery."

"Wal, you see, massa, it wah missy what pahsuaded missus into sendin' it, an' I reckon it wah Miss Jane what got Kunnel Bessemah to sign de pahmit, kase we ah know huah kin jes' twis' him 'roun' huah fingah like dis." He cleverly imitated the twisting process. The light died out of Godfrey's face.

"An' it wah Miss Jane too," the darky went on, "what got Aunt Rache to put dat truck of Aunt Rache's old mammy's in de wine."

Godfrey now understood what had inspired Jane to make this attempt; for it was an Ellery tradition how Aunt Rachel's mother—a Voodoo woman—had once saved her mistress's family from an Indian massacre by placing a jug of drugged brandy within tempting reach of the invading savages. They fell upon the brandy before they fell upon the inmates of the house, and by the time the beverage had been consumed they were lying inert masses upon the floor.

While it was clever in Jane to resort to it now, Godfrey deprecated her action, for it was likely to bring trouble and exposure to her without aid to him. However, he reflected rather bitterly, her influence with Bessemer would enable her to escape punishment even should her plot be discovered.

There was agitation in the great oak tree whose branches shaded the garret windows. The three men started at the rustling sound; the whites with apprehension, the black with a knowing look.

Through the entry window was thrust a long stick with a crook on the end. To this crook was tied a bundle. The stick swayed nervously, as though it were held by hands scarce strong enough to support it. Gabriel dashed to the window, seized it, and laid the bundle triumphantly at Godfrey's feet.

"Thah you is, massa; thah you is. Missy Jane said her'd do it, an' her hab. Dis am a Britisher unifoahm. All you's got to do am to put it on mighty quick an' walk down dem steps big as life wid dis ohdah in you han'. See, I took him from de redcoat jes like missy tole me to." He held up Bessemer's order admitting him with the refreshments. "Dem redcoats ain't goin' to read it. Dey jes' see Kunnel Bessemah's name 'tached t' it, an' dat's enough. Dey'll tink you's a British offisah, suah, an' when you gits to de gate ah you's got to do am to say de pass-wuhd, what am 'Solitude.' Missy Jane huahed Massa Edwahd say it ovah to a gen'man to-night to make suah he had it right."

Godfrey was paying slight heed to the darkey. He was reading the note Jane had attached to the uniform, in which she urged haste.

Without a word of explanation or apology, he began in the most high-handed manner to divest Gen. Pierce of his coat and thrust the British hat and coat upon him.

"The breeches will do," he said; "they will not be noticed in the dim light, and with Bessemer's order in your hand you are likely to be passed without too much inspection. At any rate, there is no time to change."

He pushed the general towards the head of the stairs, and the old man, utterly bewildered, was passive in his grasp. Then suddenly rousing himself, he threw off the compelling hands and faced the younger man in a fury.

"Why, why, boy, you fool, you, do you think I'm going to escape in clothes provided for you?"

"General, listen to me. You know that I am taller than any man in Bessemer's troop. If I attempt to go, I shall be stopped, and it will not only mean death for both of us, but compromise for Miss Ellery and possibly death for Gabriel here as well. If you make the attempt, you have every prospect of success and can then gather some of our brave fellows to come here and rescue me before sunrise, the hour which we were told Bessemer had fixed for our execution."

As he finished speaking Worthington stepped back into the room they had formerly occupied, and closing the door, drew a heavy chest across it, thus effectually shutting Pierce out.

The old man perceived with rising choler the ruse the younger had employed. By imprisoning himself thus in the room he cut off the other's arguments and made it imperative for him to go or for both to be left to their fate.

Gabriel, liking the change of plan no better than the general, nevertheless hurried him forward. "If Massa Godfrey won't go, an' you is, you bettah hurry, sah. Dar ain't no time to stan' agitatin' heah no longah. We ah'll be caught 'n strung up, sah."

Still reluctant, the old man descended the stairs.

CHAPTER XI.

THE REPRIEVE.

"Massa Godfrey," Gabriel called cautiously through the keyhole, "he am done gone. Good-by, young massa. Gawd bless you, sah." The darky's voice was a sob.

Godfrey opened the door and issued forth. "Good-by, old boy," he said, "good-by." The white and the black hands clasped, and the negro, the tears rolling down his cheeks, stumbled blindly towards the stairs.

Godfrey turned back into the room and, seating himself upon the chest beside the diminishing candle, awaited the coming of the death-guard. Little did he surmise that all this time Jane had been in the tree outside the entry window, where she could see what went on, and while she could not hear what was said, for the tones were too low and her distance too great, she could not fail to understand the meaning of the pantomime.

Was there no way left to save him? Could she think of no other plan? Why was she given a brain at all if it would not serve her in such extremity? Suppose that to-morrow, that an hour hence, when too late, some plan would come to her by which she might have saved him? She could not bear it! She raised her eyes to the jewelled sky. "Oh God," she prayed, "take away from me all power for future thinking, but concentrate in me now, for this one instant, the power to think to some avail."

As though in answer to her prayer a thought did come to her. Working her way down cautiously from the topmost branches where she had clung to the wider limbs below, whose leaves played within her open window, she waited until the sentry beneath had gone to the other end of his beat, and then swung herself to her window-ledge.

It was an old, old trick, one she had played dozens of times in her childhood and girlhood. Often she and Edward had gone through that performance when they were children, and one or the other of them was incarcerated in the garret for some misdemeanor.

The noose was ready to fit Worthington's neck when the figure in the uniform of a British lieutenant, with a military cloak slung across its shoulders, rushed upon the scene.

"Captain, you are to join Col. Bessemer at once near the old stone wall back of the meadow. He fears an attack from the Americans, and every man is needed at his post. Do not delay a second."

"But, Lieut. Ellery, what about this fellow? We are to hang him."

"Leave him to me. I will attend to this man."

"But shall I not leave some of my men with you, sir? He might prove troublesome."

The lieutenant drew his slim figure up to its full height, while into his lisping tones, heretofore somewhat breathless, he threw haughty imperiousness. "What, has the British army fallen so low that a British lieutenant is not a match for one poor rebel prisoner with his hands bound? 'Tis a sad state of affairs. I advise you not to stand quibbling here, captain, when your colonel expects you."

The captain looked troubled. Though nominally superior in rank, he knew that young Ellery's position, as Bessemer's favorite, was far superior to his own. He had no wish to offend the lieutenant, much less to disobey orders the colonel might have sent by him, but the proceedings were most irregular.

"If I leave the prisoner in your hands, sir, you will be personally responsible for him?"

"Certainly," the other answered brusquely.

Still reluctant, the captain gave the command and marched his men off through the woods in the direction the lieutenant had indicated.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BARGAIN.

"Jane," said Worthington quietly, when they had gone, "do you know the terrible risk you are running in this mad attempt?"

In her tomboyish days he had more than once seen Jane dressed in her brother's clothes and heard her skilfully mock his voice and ways, for in truth, Jane had no little talent as an actress. On her part, she evinced no surprise at his recognition.

"Yes," she answered to his question, drawing her cloak about her to conceal as much as she could her male attire, "I know it all, but I do not care. I do not even care that I have just implicated my brother in a way that may make it most difficult for him to extricate himself. I must, I will save you, and when that is done I shall go to Col. Bessemer and tell him all."

"What will you tell him?" Worthington asked.

"I shall tell him that I could not permit him to commit a ruthless murder; to soil his hands with blood in this cruel fashion."

The American drew back. "Ah, that is it," he said bitterly. "It is to save him from murder, to keep his hands unsmirched, you do it; it is for his sake—I might have known."

She had unbound his arms by now, and stood off from him. "Capt. Worthington, permit me to advise you to go at once."

"Go?" he cried disdainfully. "Go and leave you to face alone the consequences of your rash action? No; it might be that Col. Bessemer would not properly appreciate the effort you have made to prevent his doing that which is his chief daily amusement. I shall seek the gentleman and put myself again into his hands, with the request that he make quick work of me."

"Godfrey!"

Even that very dull young man could not fail to interpret the cry of pain and entreaty. "Jane!" He possessed himself of her hands, but she snatched them from him.

"Oh, go," she besought. "If ever you cared for me, if ever I was aught to you, go. Do you not see that my heart is breaking with fear?"

"Is it possible you do care for me Jane?" he asked, too flushed with sudden joy to have mind for aught else. "Is it not Bessemer you love, after all?"

"Bessemer?" she repeated, throwing back her head with her familiar gesture of disdain and speaking in a tone of scorn that ill became one who had only that morning been tempted by the British colonel's silver tongue.

Roused at last to the necessity of grasping this chance of escape by her expostulations, he turned for one last embrace, one final word of good-by, then plunged into the denser shadows of the woods beyond.

Jane stood listening to the crushing of the brush under his feet, then her quick ears caught a sound that sent her to her knees, half fainting, half praying. It was a shout of triumph; the shout of hunters who had come upon their prey.

A shot rang out; another, and another. Then she distinguished Bessemer's voice. "Is he dead? Ah, no, I see; a mere scalp wound that has knocked him senseless. Well, let him lie there until we can fit a noose to finish him with."

[To Be Continued.]

THE SIGN OF THE FISH.

How It Came to Be Used as a Symbol by the Early Christian Church.

The symbols upon early Christian monuments, of which so many have been discovered this last century, are curious and interesting, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. One of the most frequent is that of the fish. The figure of the fish is used, and and also the Greek word for fish, says Dr. A. W. Patten, who has looked into the subject. Ramsay, in his excavations in Asia Minor, has found some very important inscriptions in which the fish signs are frequent.

But why was it that the early Christians used the sign? The reason will appear when we remember that they found in the letters of the Greek word fish an acrostic on the name of the Savior. The word is "ichthus." Each letter of the word in the original Greek begins one of the words in the following phrase; "Jesus Christ, Son of God, the Savior."

So the word "ichthus" came to stand for a Christian, and it was used as a mark of Christianity. It was not only sculptured on burial monuments, but came to be used on various utensils. A great many terra cotta lamps have been found, especially at Spalato, on which is found the impress of the fish. Many of these "ichthus" lamps are found also at Rome. The word "fish" came to be used also to describe a Christian, and to call a man a fish was equivalent to calling him a Christian.

It Touched Her Eyes.

Our minister during a call sang one of those touching, simple melodies which Edith is so fond of hearing. She was very attentive, gazing on his face with her bright wondering eyes. As the song continued tears began to glisten beneath the lids and glide down her dimpled cheeks. After a few minutes' silence he asked:

"Edith, how do you like it?"

"Oh, very much, Mr. Webb; but it hurts my eyes."—Little Chronicle.